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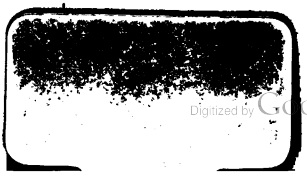
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PASTORALS,

BY

Mr. Philips.

Noſtra nec erubuit Silvas habitare Thalia.

Virg. Ecl. 6.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-friars*, near the Water-ſide. 1710.

(Price Two-pence.)

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PREFACE.

IT *is strange to think, in an Age so addicted to the* Muses, *how* Pastoral *Poetry comes to be never so much as thought upon; considering especially, that it has always been accounted the most considerable of the smaller Poems:* Virgil *and* Spencer *made use of it as a Prelude to* Heroick Poetry. *But I fear the Innocency of the Subject makes it so little inviting at present.*

There is no sort of Poetry, if well wrought, but gives Delight. And the Pastoral *perhaps may boast of this in a peculiar manner. For, as in Painting, so I believe, in Poetry, the Country affords the most entertaining Scenes, and most delightful Prospects.*

Gassendus, *I remember, tells us, That* Peireskius *was a great Lover of Musick, especially that of Birds; because their Artless Strains seem to have less of Passion and Violence, but more of a natural Easiness, and therefore do the rather befriend Contemplation. It is after the same manner that* Pastoral *gives a sweet and gentle Composure to the Mind; whereas the* Epick *and* Tragick *Poem put the Spirits in too great a Ferment by the Vehemence of their Motions.*

To see a stately, well-built Palace strikes us, indeed, with Admiration, and swells the Soul, as it were, with Notions of Grandeur. But when I view a little Country Dwelling, advantageously situated amidst a beautiful Variety of Fields, Woods, and Rivers; I feel an unspeakable kind of Satisfaction, and cannot forbear wishing, that my good Fortune would place me in so sweet a Retirement.

Theocritus, Virgil, *and* Spencer *are the only Writers, that seem to have hit upon the true Nature of* Pastoral *Poems. So that it will be Honour sufficient for me, if I have not altogether fail'd in my Attempt.*

THE

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THE FIRST PASTORAL.

LOBBIN.

IF we, O *Dorset*, quit the City Throng
To meditate in Shades the Rural Song
By your Commands; be present. And, O, bring
The Muse along! The Muse to you shall sing.
Begin.—A Shepherd Boy, one Ev'ning fair,
As Western Winds had cool'd the Sultry Air,
When as his Sheep within their Fold were pent,
Thus plain'd him of his dreary Discontent;
So pitiful, that all the Starry Throng
Attentive seem'd to hear his mournful Song.
Ah well a Day! How long must I endure
This pining Pain? Or who shall work my Cure?
Fond Love no Cure will have; seeks no Repose;
Delights in Grief; nor any Measure knows.
And now the Moon begins in Clouds to rise;
The twinkling Stars are lighted in the Skies;
The Winds are hush'd; the Dews distil; and Sleep
With soft Embrace has seiz'd my weary Sheep.
I only, with the prouling Wolf, constrain'd
All Night to wake. With Hunger is he pain'd,
And I with Love. His Hunger he may tame:
But who in Love can stop the growing Flame?
Whilome did I, all as this Pop'lar fair,
Up-raise my heedless Head, devoid of Care,
'Mong rustick Routs the chief for wanton Game,
Nor could there merry make, 'till *Lobbin* came.

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Who better seen, than I, in Shepherds Arts,
To please the Lads and win the Lasses Hearts?
How deftly to mine Oaten Reed so sweet,
Wont they, upon the Green, to shift their Feet?
And, when the Dance was done, how would they yearn
Some well devised Tale from me to learn?
For, many Songs and Tales of Mirth had I,
To chase the lingring Sun adown the Sky.
But, ah! since *Lucy* coy has wrought her Spite
Within my Heart; unmindful of Delight,
The Jolly Grooms I fly; and all alone
To Rocks and Woods pour forth my fruitless Moan.
Oh quit thy wonted Scorn, relentless Fair!
E'er, lingring long, I perish thro' Despair.
Had *Rosalind* been Mistress of my Mind,
Tho' not so fair, she would have been more kind.
O think, unwitting Maid, while yet is Time,
How flying Years impair our Youthful Prime!
Thy Virgin Bloom will not for ever stay;
And Flow'rs, tho' left ungather'd, will decay.
The Flow'rs a new returning Seasons bring;
But Beauty faded has no second Spring.
My Words are Wind! She, deaf to all my Cries,
Takes Pleasure in the Mischief of her Eyes.
Like Frisking Heifers, loose in Flow'ry Meads,
She gads where-e'er her roving Fancy leads;
Yet still from me. Ah me, the tiresome Chace!
While, wing'd with Scorn, she flies my fond Embrace.
She flies indeed: But ever leaves behind,
Fly where she will, her Likeness in my Mind.
Ah turn thee then! Unthinking Damsel! Why,
Thus from the Youth, who loves Thee, should'st thou fly?
No cruel Purpose in my Speed I bear:
'Tis all but Love; and Love why should'st thou fear?
What idle Fears a Maiden Breast alarm!
Stay, simple Girl! a Lover cannot harm.
Two Kidlings, sportive as thy self, I rear;
Like tender Buds their shooting Horns appear.

A Lamb-

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A Lambkin too, pure white, I breed, as tame,
As my fond Heart could wish my scornful Dame.
A Garland, deck'd with all the Pride of *May*,
Sweet as thy Breath, and as thy Beauty gay,
I'll weave. But why these unavailing Pains?
The Gifts alike and Giver she disdains.
O would my Gifts but win her wanton Heart!
Oh could I half the Warmth I feel impart!
How would I wander ev'ry Day to find
The ruddy Wildings! Were but *Lucy* kind,
For glossy Plumbs I'd climb the knouy Tree,
And of fresh Hony rob the thrifty Bee:
Or, if thou deign to live a Shepherdess,
Thou *Lobbin's* Flock, and *Lobbin* shalt possess.
Fair is my Flock; not yet uncomely I,
If liquid Fountains flatter not: And why
Should liquid Fountains flatter us? Yet show
The bord'ring Flow'rs less beauteous than they grow.
O come, my Love! Nor think th' Employment mean,
The Dams to milk, and little Lambkins wean;
To drive a-Field by Morn the fat'ning Ewes,
E'er the warm Sun drinks up the cooly Dews.
How would the Crook beseem thy beauteous Hand!
How would my Younglins round thee gazing stand!
Ah witless Younglin! gaze not on her Eye,
Such heedless Glances are the Cause I die.
Nor trow I when this bitter Blast will end;
Or if kind Love will ever me befriend.
Sleep, sleep, my Flock; For, happy you may take
Your Rest, tho' nightly thus your Master wake.
Now, to the waining Moon, the Nightingale
In doleful Ditties told her piteous Tale.
The Love-sick Shepherd list'ning found Relief,
Pleas'd with so sweet a Partner in his Grief:
Till by degrees her Notes and silent Night
To Slumbers soft his heavy Heart invite.

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The Second Pastoral.

THENOT, COLINET.

THENOT.

THY cloudy Looks why melting thus in Tears,
Unseemly, now that Heav'n so blithe appears?
Why in this mournful Manner art thou found,
Unthankful Lad, when all things smile around?
Hear how the Lark and Linnet joyful sing,
Their Notes soft-warbling to the gladsome Spring.

COLINET.

Tho' soft their Notes, not so my wayward Fate:
Nor Lark would sing, nor Linnet in my State.
Each Creature to his proper Task is born,
As they to Mirth and Musick, I to mourn.
Waking, at Midnight, I my Woes renew,
And with my Tears inebale the falling Dew.

THENOT.

Small Cause, I ween, has lusty Youth to plain,
Or who may then the Weight of Age sustain,
When, as our waining Strength does daily cease,
The tiresome Burden doubles its Increase?
Yet tho' with Years my Body downwards tend,
As Trees beneath their Fruit in Autumn bend,
My Mind a chearful Temper still retains,
Spite of my snowy Head and icy Veins.
For, why should Man at cross Mishaps repine?
Sour all his Sweet, and mix with Tears his Wine?
But speak: For much it may relieve thy Woe
To let a Friend thy inward Ailment know.

COLINET.

'Twill idly waste Time, *Thenot*, a whole Day,
Should'st thou give Ear to all my Grief can say.
Thy Ewes will wander, and thy heedless Lambs
With loud Complaints require their absent Dams.

THENOT.

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THENOT.

There's *Lightfoot*, he shall tend them close; and I,
'Twixt whiles, a-cross the Plain will glance mine Eye.

COLINET.

Where to begin I know not, where to end:
Scarce does one smiling Hour my Youth attend.
Tho' few my Days, as my own Follies show,
Yet all those Days are clouded o'er with Woe:
No Gleam of Happy Sun-shine does appear,
My low'ring Sky, and Wintry Days, to chear.
My piteous Plight, in yonder Naked Tree,
That bears the Thunder Scar, too well I see:
Quite destitute it stands of Shelter kind,
The Mark of Storms and Sport of ev'ry Wind:
Its riven Trunk feels not th' Approach of Spring,
Nor any Birds among the Branches sing.
No more beneath thy Shade shall Shepherds throng
With Merry Tale, or Pipe, or pleasing Song.
Unhappy Tree! And more unhappy I!
From thee, from me, alike the Shepherds fly.

THENOT.

Sure thou in some ill-chosen Hour was't born,
When blighting Mil-dews spoil the rising Corn;
Or when the Moon, by Witchcraft charm'd, foreshows
Thro' sad Eclipse a various Train of Woes.
Untimely born, ill Luck betides thee still.

COLINET.

And can there, *Thenot*, be a greater Ill?

THENOT.

Nor Wolf, nor Fox, nor Rat amongst our Sheep;
From these the Shepherd's Care his Flock may keep:
Against ill Luck all cunning Foresight fails;
Whether we sleep or wake, it naught avails.

COLINET.

Ah me the while! Ah me the luckless Day!
Ah luckless Lad! the rather might I say.
Unhappy Hour! when first, in Youthful Bud,
I left the fair *Sabrina*'s Silver Flood;

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Ah silly I! more silly than my Sheep,
Which on thy flow'ry Banks I once did keep.
Sweet are thy Banks! Oh when shall I once more
With longing Eyes review thy flow'ry Shore?
When, in the Crystal of thy Waters, see
My Face, grown wan thro' Care and Misery?
When shall I see my Hut, the small Abode
My self had rais'd and cover'd o'er with Sod?
Tho' small it be, a mean and humble Cell,
Yet is there room for Peace and me to dwell.

THENOT.

And what the Cause that drew thee first away?
From thy lov'd Home what tempted thee to stray?

COLINET.

A lewd Desire strange Lands and Swains to know;
Ah God! that ever I should covet Woe!
With wand'ring Feet unbless'd and fond of Fame,
I sought I know not what, besides a Name.

THENOT.

Or, sooth to say, did thou not hither roam
In hopes of Wealth, thou con'd'st not find at Home?
A Rolling Stone is ever bare of Moss;
And, to their Cost, green Years Old Proverbs cross.

COLINET.

Small Need there was, in flatt'ring Hopes of Gain,
To drive my pining Flock athwart the Plain
To distant *Cam*: fine Gain at length, I trow,
To hoard up to my self such deal of Woe!
My Sheep quite spent thro' Travel and ill Fare,
And, like their Keeper, ragged grow and bare:
Here, on cold Earth to make my Nightly Bed,
And on a bending Willow rest my Head.
'Tis hard to bear the pinching Cold with Pain,
And hard is Want to the unpractis'd Swain:
But neither Want, nor pinching Cold is hard,
To blasting Storms of Calumny compar'd:
Unkind as Hail it falls, whose pelting Show'rs
Destroy the tender Herb and budding Flow'rs.

THENOT.

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THENOT.

Slander, we Shepherds count the greateſt Wrong;
For, what wounds ſorer than an evil Tongue?

COLINET.

Untoward Lads, who Pleaſance take in Spite,
Make mock of all the Ditties I endite.
In vain, O *Colinet*, thy Pipe, ſo ſhrill,
Charms ev'ry Vale, and gladdens ev'ry Hill:
In vain thou ſeek'ſt the Cov'rings of the Grove,
In the cool Shades to ſing the Heats of Love:
No Paſſion, but rank Envy, canſt thou move.
Sing what thou wilt, ill Nature will prevail;
And ev'ry Elf has Skill enough to rail.
But yet, tho' poor and artleſs is my Vein,
Menalcas ſeems to like my ſimple Strain;
And long as he is pleas'd to hear my Song,
That to *Menalcas* does of right belong;
Nor Night, nor Day, ſhall my rude Muſick ceaſe;
I ask no more, ſo I *Menalcas* pleaſe.

THENOT.

Menalcas, Lord of all the Neighb'ring Plains,
Preſerves the Sheep, and o'er the Shepherds reigns.
For him our Yearly Wakes and Feaſts we hold,
And chuſe the fatteſt Firſtling from the Fold.
He, good to all, that good deſerve, ſhall give
Thy Flock to feed, and thee at Eaſe to live;
Shall curb the Malice of unbridled Tongues,
And with due Praiſe reward thy Rural Songs.

COLINET.

Firſt then ſhall lightſome Birds forget to fly,
The Briny Ocean turn to Paſtures dry,
And ev'ry rapid River ceaſe to flow,
E'er I unmindful of *Menalcas* grow.

THENOT.

This Night thy Cares with me forget; and fold
Thy Flock with mine, to ward th' injurious Cold.
Sweet Milk and clouted Cream, ſoft Cheeſe and Curd,
With ſome remaining Fruit of laſt Year's Hoard,

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Shall

Shall be our Ev'ning Fare: And for the Night,
Sweet Herbs and Moss, that gentle Sleep invite.
And now behold the Sun's departing Ray
O'er yonder Hill, the sign of Ebbing Day.
With Songs the jovial Hinds return from Plow,
And unyoak'd Heifers, pacing homeward, low.

The Third Pastoral.

ALBINO.

WHEN *Virgil* thought no Shame the *Dorick* Reed
To tune, and Flocks on *Mantuan* Plains to feed,
With young *Augustus* Name he grac'd his Song;
And *Spencer*, when amid the rural Throng
He carol'd sweet, and graz'd along the Flood
Of gentle *Thames*, made ev'ry sounding Wood
With good *Eliza*'s Name to ring around;
Eliza's Name on ev'ry Tree was found.
Since then, thro' *Anna*'s Cares at Ease we live,
And see our Cattle in full Pastures thrive;
Like them will I my slender Musick raise,
And teach the Vocal Vallies *Anna*'s Praise.
Mean time on Oaten Pipe a lowly Lay,
While my Kids, brouze, obscure in Shades I play:
Yet not obscure, while *Dorset* thinks not Scorn
To Visit Woods, and Swains ignobly born.

Two Country Swains, both Musical, both Young,
In Friendship's Mutual Bonds united long,
Retir'd within a Mossy Cave, to shun
The Croud of Shepherds, and the Noon-day Sun
A Melancholy Thought possess'd their Mind:
Revolving now the solemn Day they find,
When young *Albino* dy'd. His Image dear
Bedews their Cheek with many a trickling Tear;
To Tears they add the Tribute of their Verse;
These *Angelot*, those *Palin* did rehearse.

ANGELOT.

Thus Years circling by fast Times return,
And Yearly thus *Albino*'s Fate we mourn;
Albino's Fate was early, short his stay,
How sweet the Rose! How speedy the Decay!
Can we forget how ev'ry Creature moaned,
And sympathizing Rocks in Echo groan'd,
Presaging future Woe, when, for Our Crimes,
We lost *Albino*, Pledge of peaceful Times?
The Pride of *Britain*, and the Darling Joy
Of all the Plains and ev'ry Shepherd Boy.
No joyous Pipe was heard, no Flocks were seen;
Nor Shepherds found upon the gladly Green;
No Cattle graz'd the Field, nor drunk the Flood,
No Birds were heard to warble thro' the Wood.
In yonder gloomy Grove stretch'd out he lay,
His beauteous Limbs upon the dampy Clay;
The Roses on his Pallid Cheeks decay'd,
And o'er his Lips a livid Hue display'd:
Bleating around him lie his pensive Sheep,
And mourning Shepherds come in Crouds to weep;
The pious Mother comes, with Grief oppress'd:
Ye, conscious Trees and Fountains, can attest
With what sad Accents and what moving Cries
She fill'd the Grove, and importun'd the Skies,
And ev'ry Star upbraided with his Death,
When in her Widow'd Arms, devoid of Breath,
She clasp'd her Son. Nor did the Nymph for this
Place in her Darling's Welfare all her Bliss,
And teach him Young the *Sylvan* Crook to wield,
And rule the Peaceful Empire of the Field.
As Milk-white Swans on Silver Streams do show,
And Silver Streams to grace the Meadows flow;
As Corn the Vales, and Trees the Hills adorn,
So thou to thine an Ornament was born.
Since thou, delicious Youth, didst quit the Plains,
Th' ungrateful Ground we till with fruitless Pains;
In labour'd Furrows sow the Choice of Wheat
And over empty Sheaves in Harvest sweat.

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A thin

A thin Increaſe our woolly Subſtance yield,
And Thorns and Thiſtles overſpread the Field.
How all our Hopes are fled, like Morning Dew!
And we but in our Thoughts thy Manhood view.
Who now ſhall teach the pointed Spear to throw,
To whirl the Sling, and bend the ſtubborn Bow?
Nor doſt thou live to bleſs thy Mother's Days,
And ſhare the Sacred Honours of her Praiſe:
In Foreign Fields to purchaſe endleſs Fame,
And add new Glories to the *Britiſh* Name.
O peaceful may thy gentle Spirit reſt!
And flow'ry Turf lie Light upon thy Breaſt;
Nor ſhrieking Owl, nor Bat fly round thy Tomb,
Nor Midnight Fairies there to revel come.

PALIN.

No more, miſtaken *Angelot*, complain;
Albino lives, and all our Tears are vain.
And now the Royal Nymph, who bore him, deigns
To bleſs the Fields, and rule the ſimple Swains,
While from above propitious he looks down.
For this the Golden Skies no longer frown,
The Planets ſhine indulgent on our Iſle,
And Rural Pleaſures round about us ſmile.
Hills, Dales and Woods with ſhrilling Pipes reſound;
The Boys and Virgins dance with Garlands crown'd,
And hail *Albino* bleſt: The Vallies ring
Albino bleſt: O now! if ever, bring
The Laurel green, the ſmelling Eglantine,
And tender Branches from the mantling Vine,
The dewy Cowſlip, that in Meadow grows,
The Fountain Violet and Garden Roſe:
Your Hamlets ſtrew, and ev'ry publick Way,
And conſecrate to Mirth *Albino*'s Day.
My ſelf will laviſh all my little Store,
And deal about the Goblet, flowing o'er;
Old *Moulin* there ſhall harp, young *Mico* ſing,
And *Cuddy* dance the Round amidſt the Ring,
And *Hobbinol* his Antick Gambols play.
To thee theſe Honours Yearly will we pay, When

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When we our ſhearing Feaſt and Harveſt keep,
To ſpeed the Plow, and bleſs our thriving Sheep.
While Mallow Kids and Endive Lambs purſue;
While Bees love Thyme, and Locuſts ſip the Dew;
While Birds delight in Woods their Notes to ſtrain,
Thy Name and ſweet Memorial ſhall remain.

The Fourth Paſtoral.

MICO. ARGOL.

MICO.

THIS Place may ſeem for Shepherds Leiſure made,
So lovingly theſe Elms unite their Shade.
Th' ambitious Woodbine, how it climbs, to breath
Its balmy Sweets around on all beneath!
The Ground with Graſs of chearful Green beſpread,
Thro' which the ſpringing Flow'r up-rears its Head.
Lo here the King-Cup, of a Golden Hue,
Medly'd with Daiſies white, and Endive blue.
Hark how the gaudy Gold-finch, and the Thruſh,
With tuneful Warblings fill that Bramble-Buſh!
In pleaſing Conſorts all the Birds combine,
And tempt us in the various Song to join.
Up, *Argol*, then; and to thy Lip apply
Thy mellow Pipe, or Vocal Muſick try:
And, ſince our Ewes have graz'd, no harm, if they
Lie round and liſten, while their Lambkins play.

ARGOL.

The Place indeed gives Pleaſance to the Eye;
And Pleaſance works the Singer's Fancy high:
The Fields breath ſweet; and now the gentle Breez
Moves ev'ry Leaf, and trembles thro' the Trees.
So ſweet a Scene ill Suits my ruggid Lay,
And better fits the Muſick thou canſt play.

MICO.

No Skill of Muſick can I, ſimple Swain,
No fine Device thine Ear to entertain;

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Albeit

Albeit some deal I pipe, rude tho' it be,
Sufficient to divert my Sheep and me
Yet *Colinet* (and *Colinet* has Skill)
My Fingers guided on the tuneful Quill,
And try'd to teach me on what Sounds to dwell
And where to link a Note, and where to swell.

ARGOL.

Ah *Miss!* half my Flock would I bestow,
Would *Colinet* to me his cunning shew
So trim his Sonnets are, I prithee, Swain,
Now give us once a Sample of his Strain:
For, Wonders of that Lad the Shepherds say,
How sweet his Pipe, how ravishing his Lay:
The Sweetness of his Pipe and Lay rehearse,
And ask what Gift thou pleasest for thy Verse.

MOPSUS.

Since then thou list, a Mournful Song I chuse;
A mournful Song becomes a Mournful Muse.
Fast by a River, on a Bank he sate,
To weep a lovely Maid's untimely Fate,
Fair *Stella* hight: A lovely Maid was she,
Whose Fate he wept; a faithful Shepherd he.
Awake my Pipe; in every Note express
Fair *Stella's* Death and *Colinet's* Distress.
O woful Day! O Day of Woe! quoth he,
And woful I, who live the Day to see!
That ever she could die! O most unkind,
To go, and leave thy *Colinet* behind!
And yet, why blame I her? full fain would she,
With dying Arms, have clasp'd her self to Me:
I clasp'd her too; but Death was all too strong,
Nor Vows, nor Tears, could fleeting Life prolong.
Teach me to grieve, with bleating Moan, my Sheep;
Teach me, thou ever-flowing Stream, to weep;
Teach me, ye faint, ye hollow Winds, to sigh;
And let my Sorrows teach me how to die.
Nor Flock, nor Stream, nor Winds, can e'er relieve
A Wretch like me, for ever born to grieve.

Awake,

Awake my Pipe; in ev'ry Note expreſs
Fair *Stella*'s Death, and *Colinet*'s Diſtreſs.
Ye brighter Maids, faint Emblems of my Fair,
With Looks caſt down, and with diſhevel'd Hair,
In bitter Anguiſh beat your Breaſts, and moan
Her Hour untimely, as it were your own.
Alas! the fading Glories of your Eyes
In vain we doat upon, in vain you prize:
For, tho' your Beauty rule the ſilly Swain,
And in his Heart like little Queens you reign;
Yet Death will ev'n that ruling Beauty kill,
As ruthleſs Winds the tender Bloſſoms ſpill.
If either Muſick's Voice, or Beauty's Charm,
Could make him mild, and ſtay his lifted Arm;
My Pipe her Face, her Face my Pipe ſhould ſave,
Redeeming thus each other from the Grave.
Ah fruitleſs Wiſh! Cold Death's up-lifted Arm
No Muſick can perſuade nor Beauty charm:
For ſee (O baleful Sight!) ſee where ſhe lies!
The Budding Flow'r, unkindly blaſted, dies.
Awake my Pipe; in ev'ry Note expreſs
Fair *Stella*'s Death, and *Colinet*'s Diſtreſs.
Unhappy *Colinet*! What boots thee now
To weave freſh Garlands for the Damſel's Brow?
Throw by the Lilly, Daffadil and Roſe;
One of black Yew, and Willow pale, compoſe,
With baneful Henbane, deadly Night-ſhade dreſt;
A Garland, that may witneſs thy Unreſt.
My Pipe, whoſe ſoothing Sound could Paſſion move,
And firſt taught *Stella*'s Virgin Heart to love,
Untun'd, ſhall hang upon this blaſted Oak,
Whence Owls their Dirges ſing, and Ravens croak:
Nor Lark, nor Linnet, ſhall by Day delight,
Nor Nightingale divert my Moan by Night;
The Night and Day ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd be
Alike to *Stella*, and alike to me.

Thus

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Thus ſweetly did the gentle Shepherd ſing,
And heavy Woe within ſoft Numbers bring:
And now that Sheep-Hook for my Song I crave.

ARGOL.

Not this, but one much fairer ſhalt thou have,
Of ſeaſon'd Elm; where Studs of Braſs appear,
To ſpeak the Giver's Name the Month and Year;
The Hook of poliſh'd Steel, the Handle turn'd
And richly by the Graver's Skill adorn'd.
O, *Colinet*, how ſweet thy Grief to hear!
How does thy Verſe ſubdue the liſt'ning Ear!
Not half ſo ſweet are Midnight Winds, that move
In drowſie Murmurs o'er the waving Grove;
Nor dropping Waters, that in Grots diſtil,
And with a tinkling Sound their Caverns fill:
So ſing the Swans, that in ſoft Numbers waſte
Their dying Breath, and warble to the laſt.
And next to thee ſhall *Mico* bear the Bell,
That can repeat thy peerleſs Verſe ſo well.
But ſee; the Hills increaſing Shadows caſt:
The Sun, I ween, is leaving us in haſte;
His weakly Rays but glimmer thro' the Wood,
And blueiſh Miſts ariſe from yonder Flood.

MICO.

Then ſend our Curs to gather up the Sheep:
Good Shepherds with their Flocks betimes ſhould ſleep:
For, he that late lies down, as late will riſe,
And, Sluggard like, till Noon-day ſnoring lyes,
While in their Folds his injur'd Ewes complain,
And after dewy Paſtures bleat in vain.

The

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The Fifth Pastoral.

CUDDY.

IN Rural Strains we first our Musick try,
And, bashful, into Woods and Thickets fly,
Distrustful of our Skill. Yet, if thro' Time
Our Voice improving gain a Pitch Sublime,
Thy growing Virtues, *Sackvil*, shall engage
My riper Verse, and my more ceasled Age.
The Sun, now mounted to the Noon of Day,
Began to shoot direct his burning Ray,
When, with the Flocks, their Feeders sought the Shade,
A Venerable Oak, wide-spreading, made.
What should they do so pass the loit'ring Time?
As Fancy led, each form'd his Tale in Rhyme:
And some the Joys, and some the Pains of *Love*,
And some to set out strange Adventures strove;
The Trade of Wizzards some, and *Merlin's* Skill,
And whence to charm such Empire o'er the Will.
Then *Cuddy* last (who *Cuddy* can excel,
In neat Device?) his Tale began to tell.
When Shepherds flourish'd in *Eliza's* Reign,
There liv'd in great Esteem a jolly Swain,
Young *Colin Clout*; who well could pipe and sing,
And by his Notes invite the lagging Spring.
He, as his Custom was, at leisure laid
In silent Shade, without a Rival play'd.
Drawn by the Magick of th' inticing Sound,
What Crouds of mute Admirers flock'd around!
The Steerlings left their Food; and Creatures wild
By Nature form'd, insensibly grew mild.
He makes the Birds in Troops about him throng,
And loads th' neighb'ring Branches with his Song.

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Among the reſt, a Nightingale of Fame,
Jealous, and fond of Praiſe, to liſten came.
She turn'd her Ear; and Emulous, with Pride,
Like Eccho, to the Shepherd's Pipe reply'd.
The Shepherd heard with Wonder; and again,
To try her more, renew'd his various Strain.
To all his various Strain ſhe ſhapes her Throat,
And adds peculiar Grace to ev'ry Note.
If *Colin* in complaining Accents grieves,
Or briſker Motion to his Meaſure gives;
If gentle Sounds he moduliates, or ſtrong,
She, not a little vain, repeats his Song:
But ſo repeats, that *Colin* half deſpis'd
His Pipe and Skill, ſo much by others priz'd,
And, ſweeteſt Songſter of the Winged Kind,
What Thanks, ſaid he, what Praiſes can I find
To equal thy melodious Voice? In thee
The Rudeneſs of my Rural Fife I ſee;
From thee I learn to vaunt no more my Skill.
Aloft in Air ſhe ſate, provoking ſtill
The vanquiſh'd Swain: Provok'd at laſt, he ſtrove
To ſhew the little Minſtrel of the Grove
His utmoſt Art; if ſo ſome ſmall Eſteem
He might obtain, and Credit loſt, redeem.
He draws in Breath, his riſing Breaſt to fill;
Thro' all the Wood his Pipe is heard to ſhrill.
From Note to Note in haſte his Fingers fly;
Still more and more his Numbers multiply;
And now they trill, and now they fall and riſe,
And ſwift and ſlow they change, with ſweet Suprize.
Attentive ſhe does ſcarce the Sounds retain,
But to her ſelf firſt cons the puzzling Strain;
And tracing careful, Note by Note, repays
The Shepherd, in his own harmonious Lays;
Thro' ev'ry changing Cadence runs at length,
And adds in Sweetneſs, what ſhe wants in Strength.
Then *Colin* threw his Fife diſgrac'd aſide;
While ſhe loud Triumph ſings, proclaiming wide

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Her

Her mighty Conquest. What could *Colin* more?
A little Harp, of Maple Ware, he bore:
The Harp it self was Old, but Newly strung,
Which usual he a-cross his Shoulders hung.
Now take, delightful Bird, my last Farewel,
He said; and learn from hence, thou dost excel
No trivial Artist. And at that he wound
The murm'ring Strings, and order'd ev'ry Sound.
Then earnest to his Instrument he bends,
And both his Hands upon the Strings extends.
The Strings obey his Touch, and various move,
The lower answ'ring still to those above.
His restless Fingers traverse to and fro,
And in Pursuit of Harmony they go;
Now, lightly skimming, o'er the Strings they pass,
Like Winds, that gently brush the plying Grass,
And melting Airs arise at their Command:
And now, laborious, with a weighty Hand
He sinks into the Cords with solemn Pace,
And gives the swelling Tones a Manly Grace:
Then, intricate he blends agreeing Sounds,
While Musick thro' the trembling Harp abounds.
The double Sounds the Nightingale perplex,
And pos'd, she does her troubled Spirit vex.
She warbles diffident, 'twixt Hope and Fear,
And hits imperfect Accents, here and there.
Then *Colin* play'd again, and playing Sung.
She, with the Fatal Love of Glory stung,
Hears all in Pain; her Heart begins to swell;
In piteous Notes she sighs, in Notes that tell
Her bitter Anguish. He, still singing, plies
His limber Joints; Her Sorrows higher rise.
How shall she bear a Conqu'ror, who before
No equal, thro' the Grove, in Musick bore?
She droops, and hangs her flagging Wings, and moans,
And fetches from her Breast melodious groans.
Oppress'd with Grief at last, too great to quell,
Down Breathless on the guilty Harp she fell.

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Then *Colin* loud lamented o'er the Dead,
And unavailing Tears profusely shed;
And broke his wicked Strings, and curs'd his Skill;
And, best to make Atonement for the Ill,
(If for such Ill Atonement might be made)
He builds her Tomb beneath a Laurel Shade:
Then adds a Verse, and sets with Flow'rs the Ground,
And makes a Fence of winding Osiers round:
A Verse and Tomb is all I now can give,
And here thy Name at least, he saith, shall live.
Thus ended *Cuddy* with the setting Sun,
And by his Tale unenvy'd Praise won.

The Sixth Pastoral.

GERON. HOBBINOL. LANQUET.

GERON.

HOW still the Sea! behold, how calm the Sky!
And how, in sportive Chase, the Swallows fly!
My Goats, secure from harm, no Tendance need,
While high on yonder hanging Rock they feed:
And here below, the Banky Shore along,
Your Heifers graze: And I to hear your Song
Dispos'd. As eldest, *Hobbinol*, begin;
And *Lanquet*'s Under-Song by Turns come in.

HOBBINOL.

Let others meanly stake upon their Skill,
Or Kid, or Lamb, or Goat, or what they will;
For Praise we sing, nor Wager ought beside:
And, whose the Praise, let *Geron*'s Lips decide.

LANQUET.

To *Geron* I my Voice and Skill commend:
Unbiass'd he, to both is equal Friend.

GERON.

Begin then, Boys, and vary well your Song;
Nor fear, from *Geron*'s upright Sentence, Wrong:
A Boxen Haut-Boy, loud, and sweet of Sound,
All varnish'd, and with brazen Ringlets bound,
I to the Victor give: No small Reward,
If with our usual Country Pipes compar'd.

HOBBINOL.

The Snows are melted, and the kindly Rain
Descends on ev'ry Herb, and ev'ry Grain;
Soft Balmy Breezes breath along the Sky:
The bloomy Season of the Year is nigh.

LANQUET.

The Cuckoo tells aloud her painful Love;
The Turtle's Voice is heard in ev'ry Grove;
The Pastures change; the warbling Linnets sing:
Prepare to welcome in the gaudy Spring.

HOBBINOL.

When Locusts in the Fearny Bushes cry,
When Ravens pant, and Snakes in Caverns lye;
Then graze in Woods, and quit the burning Plain;
Else shall ye press the spungy Teat in vain.

LANQUET.

When Greens to Yellow vary, and you see,
The Ground bestrew'd with Fruits off ev'ry Tree,
And stormy Winds are heard; think Winter near,
Nor trust too far to the declining Year.

HOBBINOL.

Full fain, O blest *Eliza*! would I praise
Thy Maiden Rule, and *Albion*'s Golden Days.
Then gentle *Sidney* liv'd, the Shepherds Friend:
Eternal Blessings on his Shade attend!

LANQUET.

Thrice happy Shepherds now! for *Dorset* loves
The Country Muse, and our delightful Groves;
While *Anna* reigns. O ever may She reign!
And bring on Earth a Golden Age again.

HOBBINOL.

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HOBBINOL.

I love in ſecret all a beauteous Maid,
And have my Love in ſecret all repaid,
This coming Night ſhe does reſerve for me.
Divine her Name; and thou the Victor be.

LANQUET.

Mild as the Lamb, and harmleſs as the Dove,
True as the Turtle, is the Maid I love.
How we in ſecret love, I ſhall not ſay,
Divine her Name; and I give up the Day.

HOBBINOL.

Soft, on a Cowſlip Bank, my Love and I,
Together lay: a Brook ran murm'ring by.
A Thouſand tender Things to me ſhe ſaid,
And I a Thouſand tender Things repaid.

LANQUET.

In Summer Shade, beneath the Cocking Hay,
What ſoft, endearing Words did ſhe not ſay?
Her Lap, with Apron deck'd, ſhe kindly ſpread,
And ſtroak'd my Cheeks, and lull'd my leaning Head.

HOBBINOL.

Breath ſoft, ye Winds; ye Waters gently flow;
Shield her, ye Trees; ye Flowers around her grow;
Ye Swains, I beg you, paſs in Silence by;
My Love in yonder Vale aſleep does lye.

LANQUET.

Once *Delia* ſlept, on eaſy Moſs reclin'd,
Her lovely Limbs half bare, and rude the Wind:
I ſmooth'd her Coats, and ſtole a ſilent Kiſs.
Condemn me, Shepherds, if I did amiſs.

HOBBINOL.

As *Marian* bath'd, by chance I paſſed by;
She bluſh'd, and at me caſt a ſidelong Eye:
Then ſwift beneath the Cryſtal Wave ſhe try'd
Her beauteous Form, but all in vain, to hide.

LANQUET.

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LANQUET.

As I to cool me, bath'd one sultry Day,
Fond *Lydia* lurking in the Sedges lay.
The Wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly;
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her Eye.

HOBBINOL.

When first I saw, would I had never seen,
Young *Lysa* lead the Daisie on yonder Green;
Intent upon her Beauties as she mov'd,
Poor, heedless Wretch, as unawares I lov'd.

LANQUET.

When *Lucy* decks with Flow'rs her swelling Breast,
And on her Elbow leans, dissembling Rest;
Unable to refrain my madding Mind,
Nor Sheep nor Pasture worth my Care I find.

HOBBINOL.

Come *Rosalind*, O come! For without thee,
What Pleasure can the Country have for me?
Come *Rosalind*, O come! My brinded Kine,
My snowy Sheep, My Farm and all is thine.

LANQUET.

Come *Rosalind*, O come! Here shady Bow'rs
Here are cool Fountains, and here springing Flow'rs
Come *Rosalind*: Here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste our live-long Time away.

HOBBINOL.

In vain the Seasons of the Moon I know,
The Force of Healing Herbs, and where they grow;
There is no Herb, no Season, may remove
From my fond Heart the racking Pains of Love.

LANQUET

What profits me, that I in Charms have Skill,
And Ghosts and Goblins order as I will;
Yet have, with all my Charms, no Pow'r to lay
The Sprite, that breaks my Quiet Night and Day.

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HOBBINOL.

O that like *Colin* I had Skill in Rhymes:
To purchase Credit with succeeding Times!
Sweet *Colin Clout!* who never yet had Peer,
Who sung thro' all the Seasons of the Year.

LANQUET.

Let me like *Hermes* sing; his Voice had Pow'r
To free the clipsing Moon at Midnight Hour:
And, as he sung, the Fairies, with their Queen,
In Mantles Blue came tripping o'er the Green.

GERON.

Here add your pleasing Strife. Both Victors are;
And Both with *Colin* may in Rhyme compare.
A Boxen Haut-Boy, loud, and sweet of Sound,
All varnish'd, and with brazen Ringlets bound,
To Both I give. A mizling Mist descends
Adown that steepy Rock: And this way tends
Yon distant Rain. Shore-ward the Vessels strive;
And, see, the Boys their Flocks to shelter drive.

FINIS.

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